

# CHANDAMAMA

SEPTEMBER 1982



**Jeevan and Hanu wonder at**

# HORSE SENSE



Clever Hans was a horse who lived in Germany, early in the twentieth century. He could read, solve mathematical problems, and answer questions on world political affairs — or so it seemed.

Hans would answer all mathematical questions by tapping his leg. If you asked him '3 plus 4', he

would tap seven times. Non-mathematical questions (such as 'Is London the capital of Britain?') would be answered by shaking or nodding the head. Hans could even answer questions written out on blackboards.



Finally Hans' secret was discovered. He was highly sensitive to the reactions of people around him, especially his master Osten. When a



Hans was able to pick up similar cues for non-mathematical questions. No one knows how he learnt this trick.

The most amazing thing is that even after people became aware of the horse's method, they could still not stop sending out these little clues, no matter how hard they tried!

mathematical question was asked, people would look at Hans' foot. So Hans would start tapping. When he reached the right number of taps, people would react in some way, without being aware of it. They would nod slightly, or relax, or smile. Hans would then stop tapping.



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for total mouthcare. Because the care that comes in Flash will brighten your healthy smile day after day.





*I have a little bear, his name is Teddy.  
I take him everywhere, cause he's so cuddly.  
When Teddy is good, I give him a treat  
And Teddy gives me Gems, isn't that sweet?*

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# CHANDAMAMA

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Founder : CHAKRAPANI

Controlling Editor : NAGI REDDI

## THE UNSOLVED MYSTERIES

It is said that wisdom begins when we realise how little we know!

How little we know of the infinite space around us! How little we know of our past! How little we know of ourselves!

Mystery surrounds ever so many familiar things on this earth itself—and so many events that history records—or rather records only partly.

To wonder at issues we have not been able to resolve is another way of knowing the world slightly better. From this issue begins a new series, *The Unsolved Mysteries*, which, we believe, you will find interesting as well as informative.

### IN THIS ISSUE

#### TEN COMPLETE STORIES

**AND** The Man in the Iron Mask—first in the series of *Unsolved Mysteries*; Let Us Know, Delhi to Daulatabad in the Story of India; The Invincible Raghu; The Chandamama Dictionary, News Flash, Devi Bhagavatam and more.





# NEWS FLASH

**The Comet is Coming!**

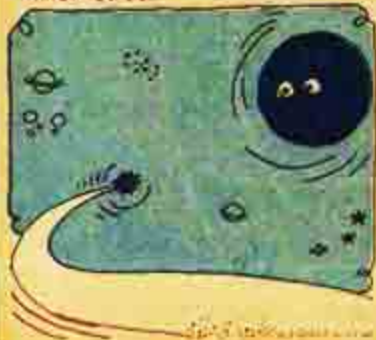
**Sounds of Tranquillity**

**Swimming with a Difference**

**The Comet is Coming!**

The famous Halley's Comet will be seen again in March 1986, after a lapse of 76 years.

But this time it cannot escape into the space with all its mystery intact. Russian, French, Austrian and German scientists are at work together to make a space vehicle that they would launch into the space on March 8, 1986. Christened Vega, the vehicle would spy into the comet from a distance of 10,000 kilometres.



**Sounds of Tranquillity**

An Ohio firm has made a handy device that generates patterns of electronically produced sounds to induce tranquillity. Called the *Retreat*, the device is in the shape of a set of small headphones. The ten-minute programme "starts out with loud signals that gradually become softer until they resemble a gentle rain." It is claimed that it will remove anxiety and tension as transcendental meditation can do.



**Swimming with a Difference**

Khaled Ahmad Hassan of Cairo crossed the Channel between England and France in 12 hours and 39 minutes.

Others, including the famed Indian swimmer Mihir Sen, have done it beforehand. But Khaled did it with a difference. He had only one leg.







## THE HERMIT'S GESTURE

In a certain village lived Shyamlal and Jailal, two traders. Both were proud of their wealth, but each looked down upon the other.

To the east-end of the village was an old banyan tree. One day the villagers saw a hermit camping there. A farmer who suffered from regular colic pain received a talisman from him and was cured of his pain.

This brought many other villagers to the hermit. They prayed to him for some help or the other. They believed that he could perform miracles.

It was evening. Shyamlal observed that there was nobody around the hermit. He stealthily went near him, and bowed down to him.

"What's the problem with

you, sonny? Any cause for suffering, physical or mental?" asked the hermit.

"Baba! I'm physically fine, but I must admit that I don't enjoy any peace of mind. That is because of Jailal. He is always thinking and speaking ill of me. I want to teach him a lesson. Can you kindly help me?"

"You mean to harm him. How can I help you in that?" asked the hermit.

"Well, hermit, sir, do I intend harming a good man? My target is Jailal — the devil of a man. Why should you not help me?" argued Shyamlal.

The hermit sat with his eyes closed. Five minutes passed. He opened his eyes and then said in a low tone, "Sonny, I cannot do much harm to your foe, but will

try whatever is possible. Can you spend a thousand rupees?"

Shyamlal was happy. He fetched a thousand rupees immediately. Said the hermit, "Somehow let Jailal hear that you had visited me. That will bring him here and I will cast my spell on him. And come here at sunrise tomorrow."

Within an hour of Shyamlal taking leave of the hermit Jailal was there. He prostrated himself to the hermit and said, "I understand that Shyamlal, the mischief-maker, met you. He must have spoken ill of me. I am Jailal."

"Why should you bother about what he said? Tell me what I can do for you," said the hermit benignly.

"Baba, Shyamlal deserves to be humbled. Can you help me in this respect?"

The mendicant sat with his eyes shut for five minutes and then said, "Can you spend a thousand rupees? Then I can try to do as you say."

Jailal fetched a thousand rupees. The hermit advised him to come in the morning, exactly at sunrise.

Next day both Shyamlal and Jailal reached there at the same time. The hermit was not to be seen. But he had left behind him this message scribbled on a scrap of paper: "Dear boys, as desired by you, I have caused both of you a loss of a thousand rupees each. My heart did not allow me to do any greater harm to any of you. I hope, both of you will be satisfied. For your information, I am leaving your money with the village committee for using it for some good cause."





## STORY SO FAR:

THE ZAMINDAR GOES ON TYRANNISING OVER THE INNOCENT PEOPLE, BLISSFULLY IGNORANT OF THE FACT THAT THE YOUNG RAGHU IS GROWING UP AS A CHALLENGE TO HIM. RAGHU HAS GROWN AN EXPERT IN LATHI-PLAY AND HAS CHOSEN HIS LIEUTENANTS AND IS ON HIS WAY TO MEET THE TYRANT!



ZAMINDAR BRAJAGOPAL IS AT HIS CHITCHAT SESSION WITH HIS CRONIES.



BEFORE HIM STAND SOME CAPTIVE PEASANTS. THEY HAVE BEEN STANDING THERE FOR THE LAST TWO DAYS WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER. THEIR CRIME? THEY HAD CRITICISED THE ZAMINDAR.





OH NIDHI!!  
HE'S  
FALLING!



FORGIVE  
ME THIS  
TIME,  
HUZOOR!

TWO STICKS TO PROP HIM UP BEFORE HE FAINTS!



HUZOOR HAS ALREADY  
FORGIVEN YOU...ONE MORE  
NIGHT AND YOU ARE FREE.  
SLEEP NOW! WE'RE WELL-  
GUARDED. NO ONE WILL  
DISTURB YOU.

TWO GUARDS OUTSIDE THE PALACE SUDDENLY HEAR A DOG WHINE



GHE-O-O-O-O!  
GHE-O-O-O-O





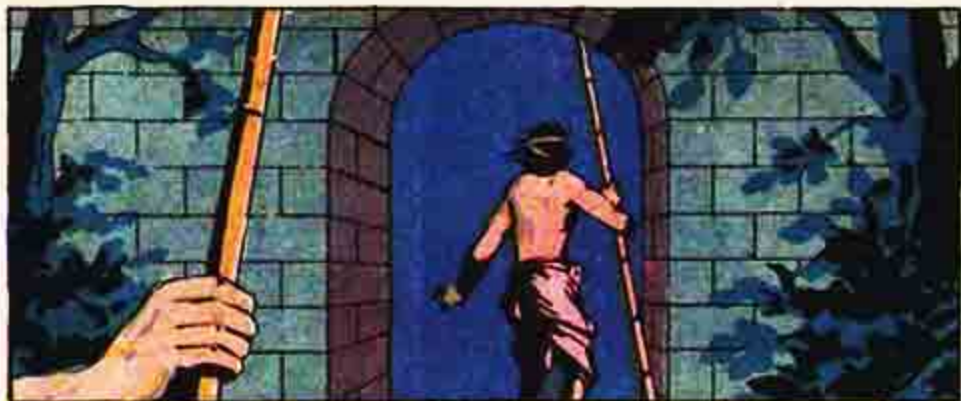
THE GUARD DISAPPEARS INTO THE THICK OF THE NIGHT

SECONDS LATER



KESHTO CALLS OUT TWICE — ONCE IN RATNA'S VOICE, THEN IMITATING HIS COMPANION LIKE HIS FRIEND, RATNA TOO NEVER REALISED HOW HE LOST HIS SENSE.

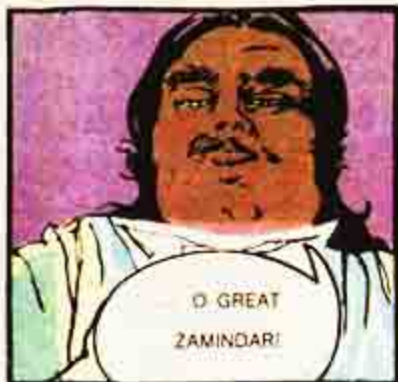




RAGHU ENTERS THE ZAMINDAR'S CASTLE







In the Next Issue: **RAGHU SHOWS HIS MAGIC!**



## *A Folk Tale*

### **THE JESTER AND THE PRIEST**

close to the forest, deposited all his clothes on a slab of stone, and entered the water as naked as a fish. Hardly anybody knew of his habit.

One morning Tenali Rama took position hiding behind a bush. While the priest was having his dip, Tenali Rama removed his clothes and hid them in the hollow of a tree.

Imagine the priest's anguish when, coming out of the waters, he found his clothes missing.

There was a giggle. The priest gave a start. If one thing he hated in life, it was this giggle.

"You imp! What have you done to my clothes?" he demanded of Tenali Rama who peeped from the bush.

"Are you not sufficiently clad in your wisdom? What you need clothes for?" Tenali Rama said.

It was no use arguing with Tenali Rama. The brighter the sun grew, the more miserable the priest felt.

"I'll give your clothes back if you agree to carry me on your

In the court of the great king Krishna Deva Raya was the jester Rama popularly known as Tenali Rama.

The king bestowed much favours on Tenali Rama. That annoyed the royal priest, Tatachary. The priest who thought himself to be a hundred times wiser than the jester never let a single chance to insult Tenali Rama slip.

Tenali Rama bore with the priest's conduct for long, but at last decided to teach him a lesson.

The priest was in the habit of bathing in the river early in the morning. He chose a lonely spot



shoulders into the city," was the condition Tenali Rama put forth.

The priest had to agree to this. He got back his clothes.

The people of the city were greatly amused to see the royal priest playing horse to the jester. Children clapped their hands and followed the priest while the jester kept them in good humour making faces at them.

The king was enjoying a stroll on the terrace of his palace. He saw what was happening and felt aghast at the fact that the priest should be given such a treatment by the jester.

"Go and give a good thrashing to the rider!" he leaned from the roof and asked two of the hefty guards on duty at the gate.

Tenali Rama took note of the

king passing some order to the guards. Instantly he hopped down and told the priest tearfully, "Holy man! What a sinner I was to sit on your shoulders! Now, the people must realise that it is you who deserve to have a ride on my humble shoulders!"

The jester's change of mind brought great relief to the priest. He found some hope of making up for the humiliation he had suffered. He readily climbed the jester's shoulders and sported a proud smile and began waving at the curious crowd.

Next moment a heavy blow from one of the guards tumbled him and threw him flat on the road.

Well, never—never again did the wise priest try to belittle the jester.



## MARVELLOUS IN THE CITY!

Kisan was the first young man from his village to go to the city. He served there in the household of a gentleman and, after a year, paid a visit to his village.

He was never tired of speaking high of the city. If someone offered him a cup of tea, he said, "You should drink tea in the city to know how marvellous tea ought to taste!" If he saw a rose, he said, "You should see the roses in the city to know how marvellous they can look!"

One evening he was walking down the street in the company of some villagers. Someone said, drawing the others' attention to the rising moon, "How fine it looks!"

"You should see the moon in the city to know how marvellous it can be!" at once said Kisan.

"You fool!" shouted his old teacher "Don't you know that the moon is the same everywhere?" He planted a slap on Kisan's cheek.

"You should taste the slap in the city to know how marvellous it can be!" was Kisan's ready comment.





## The King and His Page

The young king was in the forest for hunting. He was there with a number of his bodyguards.

Bihkard was his name.

King Bihkard ran after a deer. It was a swift little creature that escaped from his sight time and again. The king asked his page to follow the deer from another direction.

When they and the deer were thus playing a hide and seek, with a swish an arrow passed by the king, making a hole in his right ear!

The king soon recovered from his shock and asked in an angry growl, "Who did this?" Well, it was the page. He had aimed at the deer. The king suddenly jumped forward and got the wound.

King Bihkard was not known for being kind or merciful to anybody. The page trembled with fear thinking of his fate.

And his fear proved true when the king pronounced his judgment, "Put the fellow to death!"

The page fell at his feet.





possession and he visited it once a year.

A storm broke out. The king's boat was swept deeper into the sea by a violent wind. Then it dashed against a submerged rock and sank.

The king lay on the floating mast. After a full day and a night, narrowly escaping a whale, he came ashore. It was another kingdom.

In tattered clothes and dishevelled hair he looked like a wandering lunatic. It was night when he found his way to the king's castle.

He knew nobody in that land. He felt ashamed of calling himself a king before the guards of the castle. He found a dark nook and sat down there, leaning against a wall.

He had fallen asleep when some guards gave him a shake. He opened his eyes and in no time found himself arrested.

"Why did you kill this fellow?" he was asked.

King Bihkard looked with astonishment and saw a dead body lying near him. Nobody believed him when he said that he knew nothing about the killing!

He was produced before the king who sent him to jail.

"Your Highness!" he cried out, "I never meant this to happen. I never knew that you will come between the deer and I. Be merciful to me. God will be merciful to you when you are in danger."

For once King Bihkard was moved. The page had very pleasing manners and the king liked him. He let him live.

After a few days the page disappeared from the palace. The king looked for him, but he was not to be seen anywhere in the kingdom.

Days passed. One day the king sailed for a small island in the sea. The island was in his



"I'm lucky that the king did not order for my head to be cut off!" he thought, for he was in the habit of passing orders rashly himself! "How many innocent fellows I must have punished with death?" he wondered. He had begun to take stock of his own follies.

A crow perched in the small window of the prison house and cawed hoarsely. Bihkard picked up a stone and hurled it at the crow. It did not hit the target but shot out through the window.

"I see, I am still rash in my action," Bihkard said, taking himself to task.

Two minutes had passed when the prison door was hastily opened. A pair of hefty sepoy lifted King Bihkard bodily and threw him outside, in front of a group of young men.

The group included the prince of the land. He was playing with some youths of noble families when the stone hurled by Bihkard hit his left ear. He bled.

"Put this lousy fellow to death!" said the prince.

The sepoy pulled Bihkard by his arms. He was being dragged away when the prince shouted, "Stop!"

The prince came closer to Bihkard and gazed at his right



ear.

"What caused this hole in your ear?" he asked.

"O noble prince! Once a young man pierced my right ear with his arrow—as unintentionally as I wounded you in your left ear," replied Bihkard.

"And what did you do to that young man?"

"I let him go unpunished."

"Don't you think that you too deserve to go unpunished, King Bihkard?"

The prisoner was startled at being called by his name. He looked at the prince intently and recognised him, but did not dare to ask if he was not his page a

couple of years ago!

But the young man stepped forward and embraced Bihkard and said, "You have recognised me all right. I was your page. I had left my father's palace after a misunderstanding with him. Wandering here and there, I had taken employment with you. My father's spies found me out and told me how sincerely my father was longing to see me. I returned without informing you."

King Bihkard was led into the castle and was given a royal reception. He was sent back to his country with many presents and escorts.







## THE CLEVER AND THE NOBLER

The story goes back to the time when Tamralipta was a prosperous port-city. Among the leading merchants in the city was Ramigupta.

He had two sons, Sudarshan and Niranjan. When they grew up, Ramgupta planned to send one of them in a ship for commerce with foreign lands.

He consulted some of his merchant friends who were experienced in such trading. They said, "Send one of your two sons with us. We will give him all help. Send the one who is clever. The quality of cleverness is a must for running the trade successfully with countries abroad."

Ramgupta could not decide which of his two sons to choose for the purpose. Both were good-natured young men and both were willing to go abroad.

He called the two sons and said, "It was my father's wish to construct a choultry near the Shiva temple in the forest. He died before he could fulfil his desire, I too am growing old. I should like to see the choultry constructed before I die."

He then entrusted Sudarshan, the elder son, with the task.

Sudarshan proceeded to the forest with the masons. They saw that stones and timber were available in plenty in the forest. What was necessary was a



labour-force.

Sudarshan soon found a village of tribal people. He tried to talk to them, but they did not understand him.

Sudarshan was wondering what to do when a tribal youth met him. The youth had lived in the town for a year and so he could speak Sudarshan's language.

"Sir, I can supply you with as many labourers you need. I shall also be present all the while at the site. But you must pay me a hundred rupees a month."

Sudarshan agreed to the proposal. The tribal youth re-

cruited the number of labourers necessary for the work and the work started.

On the third day Ramgupta came there to see how the work was going on. He saw the tribal youth gossiping with someone under a tree and asked Sudarshan, "Who is that?" When Sudarshan reported to him the youth's role in the work, he burst out, "What! A hundred rupees for doing practically nothing? You must not pay him more than ten rupees!"

After Ramgupta left the spot Sudarshan told the youth, "You shall be paid at the rate fixed for these three days, but from tomorrow you will be paid at the rate of ten rupees a month."

The youth said nothing. But no labourer turned up for work the next day. The masons were anxious to complete the work before the monsoon. Sudarshan took pains to locate the youth and agreed to pay him a hundred rupees a month. The next day the labourers came to work.

A week passed. Ramgupta visited the place again. But when he heard about the tribal youth's reappointment at the old rate, he said, "No, no, this won't do. Tell him that he is not entitled to receive more than



ten rupees a month for recruiting workers!"

Sudarshan duly passed on his father's instruction to the tribal youth. The labourers stopped coming from the next day. Sudarshan sent his masons and tried to persuade them to come, but in vain.

In the evening he came back home and told Ramgupta, "Father, I am not the fit person for managing the work in the forest. Please make some other arrangement."

Ramgupta asked Niranjana, his second son, to take charge of the work. He went to the tribal hamlet and found out the youth

and said, "Look here, friend, I suggest that you supply me with the labour-force from tomorrow. Of course I cannot go against my father's wish and cannot pay you more than ten rupees a month for this part of your work. However, I shall pay you three rupees a day for your supervising the work. If this is not acceptable to you, I will bring workers from the city."

The youth took stock of the situation and said, "I agree."

The work was in full swing from the next day. The construction was over well before the monsoon.





"Niranjan, how could you make that youth agree to such a low salary?" Sudarshan asked his younger brother.

"Brother, I had to get the work done and keep father satisfied too!" began Niranjan. Then he explained how he

showed the expense on the young man under two heads!

Sudarshan laughed. "You are clever indeed! You should go in the ship, not I," he said.

"My brother, I may be clever, but you are nobler and truthful," said Niranjan.

## SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





# The Man in the Iron Mask

DID THE REAL LOUIS XIV PASS HIS LIFE AS A PRISONER?

A fisherman was walking along the river-side road behind a castle. Out of a small window on the castle came swishing a flying plate. It struck the ground before the fisherman.

The fisherman picked it up. It was made of gold. His face flashed with joy. It could change his destiny.

But he had second thoughts. The castle was the dreaded prison of France, the Bastille. Who threw the plate out of it?

Perhaps a prisoner. Why? The fisherman had a closer look at the plate. Yes, it contained a message. Something had been scribbled on it.

If a search was made for the gold plate and if the plate was found in his tiny boat, he would be in grave danger. It would be wiser to surrender it to the authority of the prison. That way he could be assured of a reward.

He met the governor of the





castle and showed it to him. The governor's face changed colour. His hand that held the plate was seen shivering.

"Have you read what is written on it?" he asked menacingly.

"Sir, I'm illiterate," said the fisherman.

The governor was not to believe him that easily. He ordered the poor man to be imprisoned. Days later when he had been thoroughly satisfied that the fisherman was indeed illiterate, he released him.

The only 'reward' with which the fisherman returned to his boat was his life.

That was perhaps the last chance for the mysterious prisoner of the Bastille to inform the world of his identity. He had written with a knife whatever he had to tell about himself on the plate and had managed to throw it outside. But his plan failed.

Who was this mysterious prisoner? The world has wondered over it for three centuries. Known as the Man in the Iron Mask, he was a prisoner of King Louis XIV of France.

But he was not like any other prisoner. His face was always covered with a mask made of iron according to Alexander Dumas, the celebrated French author. The mask could have been made of some softer stuff, probably of black velvet. But never—never over a period of 40 years anybody from the public had a chance to see the prisoner's face. Only a part of the mask was removed when he was fed. He died in 1703 with the mask on and was buried with the mask on!

Two armed men guarded him. They had orders to shoot him dead should he begin speaking anything about himself.

If the mystery that surrounded his life was not buried





along with him, the solution to the mystery was.

Was he the real heir to the throne of France—the prince who should have become the true Louis XIV? That is what many people believe. A conspiracy made his half-brother get the throne. He had been shipped abroad when very young. When he returned, he was immediately pounced upon by the king's spies. Before many people had seen his face—a mask was thrown over it.

Only one man, apart from the king and his nearest ones, knew the truth. He was St. Mars, the governor of the castle in which

the prisoner was kept at first. When St. Mars was transferred to the Bastille, the prisoner too was brought over there—in a sealed carriage.

It is believed that the prisoner had a son who lived on the island of Corsica. He bore the name "de Buono Parte". In course of time the French throne was to pass on to one of his descendants—the great Napoleon Bonaparte.

A day might come when a new document would suddenly reveal the mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask. For the present he continues to be an enigma.

Next: THE MYSTERY OF THE EASTER ISLANDS



## LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

### THE PRIEST WHO FORGOT HIS FACE

In the city of Varanasi lived an old Brahmin, who was the king's priest.

He was a learned man. He was also well known for his knowledge of astrology. The king had great respect for him.

The priest had a rival in another old Brahmin, known as a pundit. The pundit was as learned as the priest, if not more. What pained the priest was, even his own wife admired the pundit!

"It is true that he is no astrologer like you, but he has studied the scriptures thoroughly and he explains difficult topics so well!" the priest's wife used to say.

This no doubt caused heart-burning in the priest. Perhaps he also feared that the pundit might one day draw the king's admiration. This fear made him hate the pundit.

But who could have thought that he would desire the pundit's death and even plan it himself?

Unfortunately that is what he did. He kept thinking of ways

and means to put an end to the pundit's life.

And one night he hit upon a novel idea.

"My lord!" the priest told the king confidentially in the morning, "The eastern gate of the city is not situated at the right place, as I came to know through astrology. It ought to be closed down and a new gate made. Otherwise much harm might come to you and the citizens!"

"If that is the case, we must demolish the old gate forthwith and build a new one! Will you please point out the exact spot where the new gate should stand?" asked the king.

"I have already located the spot. I have also found out that the auspicious hour for laying the foundation for the new gate will come tomorrow, at sunset," replied the priest.

"Fine. You have been always wise and good," commented the king.

The flattered priest said, "My lord, I will like to say something more—only with your welfare in



my mind. The foundation should be laid on a human being. My sacred book says that he should be a Brahmin who is old, toothless and is totally bald!"

"I see. Must he be buried alive?" asked the king.

"Yes, my lord. That is the only way to stop any evil from entering the city through the new gate," said the priest.

The king looked a bit thoughtful. "The question is, where to find such a man!" he murmured.

"Never mind that, my lord. I think I can locate such a man," said the priest quite enthusias-

tically.

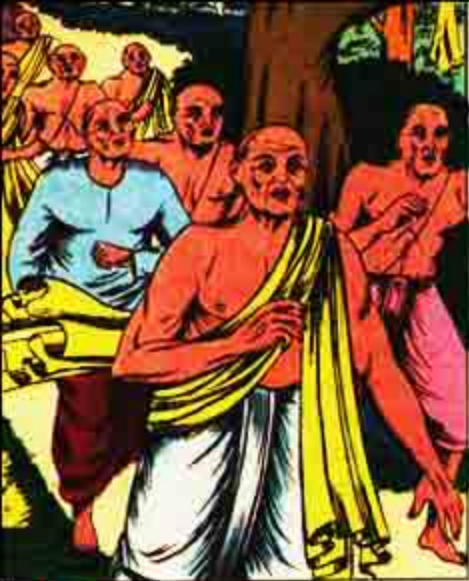
"Can you? Thanks a lot. Please do the needful," said the king, feeling relieved. He then called one of his officers and placed him at the priest's disposal. The priest asked the officer to meet him in the morning, with some sepoys.

The priest went home in high spirit. Needless to say that the man he had in his mind was the pundit, his rival. The pundit was old, toothless and bald.

While dining, he giggled. Curious, his wife asked him, "What's the matter? Why do you laugh?"

"I'll tell you if you are in-





interested to know. The pundit of whom you are so fond will be buried alive tomorrow! Over his body will be placed the foundation-stone for the new gate on the eastern wall."

"Why on his body?" asked his wife, horrified.

"Because we need a Brahmin who is old, toothless and bald! Ha ha! Ha ha ha!!"

The priest's wife kept quiet. But as soon as the priest went to sleep, she sent her maid-servant to inform the pundit about what she heard from her husband.

The pundit not only escaped himself, but also asked as many old, toothless and bald

Brahmins he could to flee the city. They all disappeared overnight.

The officer, with some sepoy, met the priest in the morning. The priest grew very proud at the fact that they were at his command.

"Do you know the pundit who lives behind the Shiva temple? Take hold of him and lead him to the site of the new gate. I shall be there before long. We must perform the rite today. Such an auspicious hour won't come before twelve years!" the priest told the officer.

The officer and his sepoy hurried to capture the pundit. But he was not to be found. They reported the matter to the king. The king said, "Why don't you take hold of some other old Brahmin who is toothless and bald?"

"We'll do so, my lord," said the officer and he hurried out.

At noon the officer met the king again and said, "My lord, I regret to say that there is a sudden scarcity of Brahmins in the city who meet our requirement, save one.

"What prevents you from taking hold of that one" asked the king.

"My lord, that one is none





other than the priest himself. Should I capture him?"

The king looked pensive. After a moment he said, "What other go is there? It is a question of the city!"

"You are right, my lord. And once we let the auspicious hour pass, it won't come again in twelve years!" said the officer.

"The only question is, if the priest is the one to be buried, who is to perform the rite?" asked the king.

"My lord! There is a young man who is a brilliant scholar. He was one of the priest's disciple. He is now the Principal of the Sanskrit academy."

The king had heard of the young scholar. He sent for him and asked him to do the needful. He also appointed him to the position of the royal priest.

The officer and his party marched to the priest's house and took hold of him. "I'm sorry, but old bald toothless Brahmins have suddenly become as rare as the Gundharvas. I'm sure, you won't mind sacrificing yourself for the cause of the king and the city!"

The priest was dumbfounded. Till then he had not realised that the qualities he had declared necessary for one to be sacrificed were glaringly present in



his person! He too was old, bald and toothless. It was too late to remember his own face!

There was no escape for him. He was dragged to the site of the gate. The young scholar was already there to perform the rite though he was not sure what sort of rite it was. He was shocked to see his mentor brought there like a beast to be sacrificed, his hands bound.

"What brought about such a situation, sir?" he asked the old priest in a highly difficult speech which nobody but his mentor alone understood. In the same style the old priest replied, confessing to his own mischief.

The young scholar assured him that he will try his best to save him. He made some calculation and told the officer that the old priest was wrong in determining the auspicious

hour. The hour was to come at midnight.

He then pretended to take the old priest to task for his wrong calculation. The old priest also showed as if he felt ashamed for his mistake.

When it was midnight, the young scholar told the officer and the others that nobody should be present at the site when the rite was to be performed. Accordingly all backed away and stood at some distance. The young scholar led the old priest into the pit dug for the foundation. He cut the rope with which he was bound, smeared him with dark ashes so that he could easily escape under the cover of darkness, and advised him to flee the city.

While the young scholar recited his hymns loudly and filled up the pit himself, the old priest ran for his life.







## STORY OF INDIA-69

### DELHI TO DAULABAD

Sultanate of Delhi passed on to Giasuddin, who founded the Tughlaq dynasty, in 1320. He was already old when he ascended the throne. He tried to bring order to the empire. Once when he was returning from Bengal, a special arch was erected to welcome him into Delhi.

A celebrated Muslim sage of Delhi, Nizamuddin, said, *Delhi dur ast* or Delhi is still far away (for the Sultan) when he heard that the Sultan was nearing the city. This saying became famous because it proved prophetic!



As Giasuddin entered the arch, the arch collapsed on him, causing his instant death. Thus he could never enter Delhi! Many believed that what looked like an accident had been purposefully caused by the Sultan's son, Ulugh Khan.





Ulugh Khan assumed the name Muhammed Bin Tughlaq, and became the Sultan. A queer character, he decided to shift the empire's capital to Devagiri which he named Daulatabad, 700 miles away from Delhi. A fort and numerous buildings were constructed at Daulatabad.

But the Sultan decided not only to shift the offices of his government, but also all the citizens of Delhi to Daulatabad. The people heard the Sultan's announcement, but did not budge, for who would wish to leave his ancestral place and property for an unknown place?



Those who showed unwillingness to go were forced to do so at sword point. Even the blind and the lame were not spared, but dragged along by soldiers. Many were whipped and many got killed. The ancient city of Delhi became totally deserted.



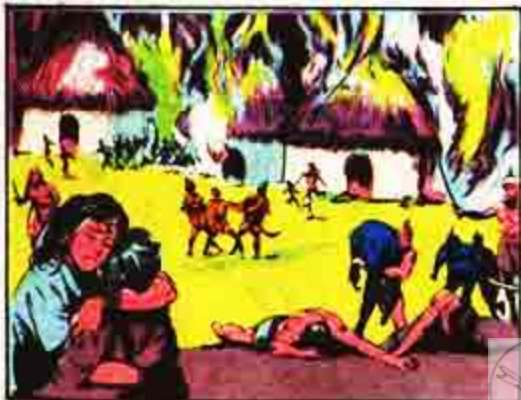


But life was not easy at Daulatabad. All the officials missed their good old Delhi. By and by the Sultan himself felt depressed with the new town. Suddenly he decided to return to Delhi. All the people were told about it. Willing to return though, they were tired of the Sultan's whims.



The disorganised return journey of the people was a tale of woe. Many were unable to cover the long way. They died on the roadside. Many fell victims to highwaymen. On reaching Delhi they saw their houses ruined. The bankrupt Sultan took away whatever money the people still possessed.

As his treasury ran out of money, the Sultan introduced copper coins in place of gold and silver ones. Many melted their copper utensils and made counterfeit coins. The economy of the country collapsed. Next the Sultan charged new taxes. Those unable to pay were hounded out and tortured.





Muhammad Tughlaq also aimed at expanding his empire. He raised a huge army—numbering 3,70,000 soldiers. At first he thought of invading Persia, but he gave up that idea and tried to bring into his territory the small states of the Kumaon region. The army marched to the hills.

But he chose a wrong time. Soon monsoon broke out. Landslides and storm battered his army. The tribal chiefs of the hilly states knew how to harass and torment the invaders from the plains. The badly planned mission not only failed, but most of the soldiers died.



Tughlaq's whimsical conduct and cruelty bred mutiny and rebellion all over the empire. Going to crush a rebellion in Sind, he suffered from fever and died in the year 1351. Soon his empire fell into pieces with regional rulers declaring their independence.





*A Folktale from Mongolia*

## SLICED SICKLE SOUP

Chun's sickle broke when he had just begun to work for the day.

The sickle, of course, had grown extremely old. It had to break sooner or later. The problem was, Chun was required to work on the landlord's field with his own sickle. He could not work with the broken sickle. That meant he won't be paid for the day!

Chun headed towards the bazar. He must buy a new sickle to be able to work at least

tomorrow. He had just enough money to buy a sickle, but not to spend on any food in the bazar.

"Only if somebody bought my broken sickle!" he thought wistfully, and laughed at his own silly thought. Who will buy an old broken sickle that was as useless as a dead spider?

Suddenly rain came down. Chun got onto the veranda of the widow Hui, the landlord's aunt, as miser as her infamous nephew.



"Can I do anything for you, Aunt Hui?" he asked the lady with a courteous smile.

"I don't relish useless speech. You found my house handy for protecting yourself from the rain, and you speak as if you are dying to serve me! What can you do?" asked the lady with a sneer.

Indeed, what could Chun do? A strange idea came to him all on a sudden, looking at a potful of water on the widow's oven. He was hungry and that too must have contributed to the idea.

"Aunty, I can do nothing which you cannot do, save one

thing, that is making the sliced sickle soup!" "Making what?" asked an astonished Hui. "The famous Sliced Sickle Soup. I am not surprised that you have not heard about it. Nobody in this part of the country has. I was in Peking for ten years and this is the art I learnt there. Do you know what's sliced sickle?"

"Sickle I know, but ...."

"Not sliced sickle. No wonder. Sliced sickles are not available in this part of the country. Here is the only set you can see — my own." Chun slowly uncovered his broken sickle. The lady observed it with great curiosity.





"Who in this part of the country can think that hundreds of cups of excellent soup could be whipped out of this?"

With a toothless smile the lady said, "My child, won't you once show me how it is done?"

"I should be happy to make some for you, if you keep the knowledge of the delicacy to yourself," said Chun with a twinkle in his eyes.

The lady agreed to the condition. Whistling and humming, Chun threw his broken sickle into the pot of water boiling on the lady's oven. He stirred the water in style with a ladle and after a minute tasted a drop of

it.

"Glutch!" That is the sound of satisfaction he made, inspiring great curiosity in the lady.

"Give me a little salt!"

The lady pushed the container and Chun sprinkled salt into the pot.

"This is now a complete soup, but since you have those potato and cabbage cut to pieces ready, adding them will improve the quality of the soup."

"Then add them, son!"

Chun put the vegetables into the pot and then said, "Once we add these vegetables, we ought to add a little lemon and ginger and pepper."



"I have them, son." The lady helped Chun by handing over the items.

The soup was ready. Chun brought the pot out of the oven and carefully took out his sliced sickle. The lady set down two bowls. He poured the soup into them and tasted it.

"I should not boast of my preparation. But taste it and speak for yourself."

The lady tasted the soup.

"It is quite good, my son. In any case it is a new thing. Whoever had heard of sliced sickle soup; only if I could get a set of sliced sickle, I could occasionally prepare this for my

guests — the respectable ones in particular." She looked at Chun's broken sickle again and again.

"Well, I should not mind selling my set to you, for you are one who can really appreciate a rare delicacy like this. I can get a set for myself when I visit Pekin next."

The lady thanked Chun. The price Chun demanded was only slightly more than that of a new sickle.

Chun kissed his broken sickle before finally handing it over to the lady. The rain had stopped. He resumed his journey for the bazar.







*New Tales of King Vikram  
and the Vampire*

## THE WHIMSICAL KING

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Jackals howled and hyenas screamed and eerie laughter was heard between the roars of thunder. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse spoke out, "O King, it is said that the mind of a king and the course of a river are unpredictable. Do you agree with this? Let me give you an instance that proves the truth of this saying. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: The land of Girikut was ruled by King Chatursen. He had a cle





er minister. The minister's wife had two unemployed cousins. She pleaded with her husband to get the two young men employed in the king's court.

Of the two young men, one was an astrologer and the other was a gifted poet. The minister asked the king, "My lord, don't you think that we ought to have an astrologer and a poet in our court?"

"Right, but not now. At the moment all our attention should go to remove poverty from the kingdom. Once the basic needs of my subjects have been fulfilled, we can look for talents in various arts and encourage

them," replied the king.

A few weeks passed. One day the king told the minister that he planned to pay a visit to Madhupur, a town in the west of the city, in disguise. The minister was to accompany him.

The minister immediately informed his wife's cousins to proceed to Madhupur. They might find a chance to prove their talents to the king while the king travelled incognito. Once the king comes to know their worth, it should be easy for them to find favour with him.

But on the eve of their journey the king told the minister that he intended going to Shripur, a town in the east.

The minister had only time enough to pass on word to his wife about the change in the king's travel plan.

On reaching Shripur in the guise of merchants, the king and the minister took shelter in the house of a poor Brahmin. They told him that the purpose of their visit was to see if it will be profitable to open a shop there.

They spent their first day walking through the bazar and mingling with the crowds and studying the condition of the people. They returned to their lodge in the evening and noticed



the Brahmin examining someone's palm.

"Are you a palmist?" asked the king.

"I know palmistry and astrology. I can read one's past and foretell one's future," said the Brahmin.

"Fine. Will you please tell me something about myself?" The king extended his palm before the Brahmin.

The Brahmin studied the lines on the king's palm for a while and said, "You are a lucky man. But your ambition is to become a king. Well, that is not going to be possible. Better remain content with the position and power you have."

"Right. Can you say anything more?" asked the king.

The Brahmin was inspired and said a lot more. The minister saw that most of what he said was incorrect. But the king continued to encourage him.

In course of their conversation the Brahmin said, "I am more a poet than an astrologer."

"Is that so? Will you kindly recite some of your poems for our pleasure?" asked the king.

The Brahmin began reciting his poems. The minister found them to be quite ordinary.



Nevertheless, the king heard them with attention and cheered the poet!

The king and the minister spent three days at Shripur. Every evening the Brahmin read out his poems to the king's joy and the minister's irritation.

They took leave of their host on the fourth day. The king made a present of a hundred gold coins to the Brahmin and said, "With your sincerity, you can become a good astrologer or a good poet."

In the meanwhile the minister's wife had sent a messenger to Madhupur asking her cousins to proceed to Shripur. The two



The minister whispered to the king, "My Lord, one rarely meets such a gifted astrologer or such a talented poet. I suggest that we take them in our service."

"No doubt, both are highly gifted," commented the king. The minister had hoped to hear something more, but the king stood up and began walking.

The vampire paused for a moment and then asked King Vikram in a challenging tone: "O King, don't you find King Chatursen to be extremely whimsical? How could he ignore a gifted astrologer and a gifted poet although he evinced keen interest in the old Brahmin's astrology and poetry and even rewarded him? Had the king come to suspect that the two young men had appeared before him deliberately? Answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck!"

King Vikram replied forthwith: "King Chatursen had no opportunity to know that the two young men had appeared before him deliberately. Far from being whimsical, the king was acting according to a principle. That was to remove the

young men saw the disguised king and the minister relaxing under a tree on their way to the capital. The minister smiled at them, hiding his face from the king. The young men too sat down under another tree.

The astrologer told his brother, the poet, "Do you see that gentleman there? He should become a king, if he is not one already. I can predict this with all confidence."

"It is not often that one meets a king or a would-be king. Let me compose a verse on this occasion," said the second young man and he recited a fine verse.





poverty of his subjects before beginning to encourage astrology or poetry.

If he listened to the Brahmin, it was more out of amusement and kindness and also to while away his time. He gave the Brahmin money not as a reward

for his talent, but because he and his minister had lived in his house and also because the Brahmin was poor."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

#### PRICE FOR THE SIDE-DISH

Ramu and Harish ate in a restaurant. When they finished, the shop-keeper charged them five rupees each for the food they had eaten and said that Ramu had to pay a rupee for his side-dish whereas Harish had to pay a rupee and a half for it.

"But what side-dish did we have?" asked Ramu.

"Both of you kept gazing at the Rasogolis exhibited for sale. That was the side-dish. Although you did not eat it, you got some satisfaction from it, after all," replied the shop-keeper.

"But why must I pay more than Ramu for that?" asked Harish.

"You kept gazing longer!" was the shop-keeper's argument.





## FOOD FOR DEVIL

In a certain village lived a money-lender named Viru. To exploit or cheat others was his sole thought.

But he had a strange quality. He could see some supernatural creatures like ghosts or ghouls or the devil.

In the same village lived a poor farmer. He died all on a sudden. His wife borrowed a sum of thirty rupees from Viru and performed his funeral rites. A year passed. Instead of repaying the loan, the widow borrowed yet another twenty rupees from the money-lender. Indeed, she was passing through a very bad time.

One more year passed. Viru had no anxiety on account of the

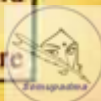
widow's default in paying back his money. She had pledged her hut and the small plot of land on which the hut stood to Viru.

Viru coveted the widow's land as that was adjacent to his orchard.

One night Viru went out of his home. His goal was the widow's hut. He intended to inform her that her house and land had become his, as she had failed to repay the loan on time. He chose to tell this to her at night because at daytime the neighbours might support the widow against him.

It was a moonlit night. Viru spotted the devil walking behind him.

"Hello, Mr. Devil, where are





you going?" he asked.

"Out to grab some food. I have not visited your village for a long time. What about you?"

"Out to grab a widow's house and land. She failed to repay a loan of fifty rupees."

"Are you not extremely inhuman? Must you take over a poor widow's hut and land for such a negligible sum?"

The devil's criticism made no impact on Viru.

As they walked along, they heard a woman shouting angrily, "You little imp! The devil ought to carry you away!"

Viru stopped and told the devil, "Do you hear? You are

being offered food!"

"No, no it is not like that. It is a mother chiding her son. She does not mean what she says. I can take hold of a fellow only if the fellow is really guilty and if someone curses him out of genuine grievance," explained the devil.

They proceeded farther. From inside another house was heard a male voice saying, "Go to the devil!" Pat came the retort from a female voice, "Will you please lead me the way?"

"Listen, listen, Mr. Devil, you can have both of them for food," Viru whispered to the





devil.

"Mad? That is a quarrel between a couple. They are only chiding each other, not cursing," said the devil.

Both soon reached the widow's house. Viru stepped onto the veranda and knocked on the door. The widow opened the door and asked, "Money-lender, sir, what brings you here at this unearthly hour?"

"I am here to tell you that your house and this plot of land has become mine because you failed to pay back my money. Better leave the house in the

cover of darkness so that you will be saved of embarrassment," said Viru. "What! What did you say? You will possess my house and land for a mere fifty rupees, will you? You ghoul of a man, is there no devil to take hold of you?"

The widow had hardly finished saying this when the devil dragged Viru away at lightning speed.

"Where did the man vanish? Was it only a nightmare?" wondered the widow. She then bolted the door and went to sleep.



A visitor standing on the roof of a skyscraper asked a resident, "Do people fall off this roof often?"

"Not often. One falls only once."







Once upon a time there was a king called Saryati. He had a charming daughter named Sukanya.

The king loved his daughter very much. He had just begun looking for an eligible bridegroom for her among the princes.

Not far from the king's castle was a forest. Close by the forest was a lake. The place was remarkable for its natural beauty.

Late one afternoon the royal family went out for a leisurely stroll around the lake.

Princess Sukanya broke away from her parents and entered the forest in the company of her maids. They frolicked about and plucked flowers and fruits.

The attention of the princess went over to a pair of glittering dots on an ant-hill. Had someone stuck two precious stones there? Curious, she pierced them with a stick.

She heard a subdued cry. She could not understand from where the sound came. She got frightened and she ran away to her parents. Soon she forgot about the incident.

At sundown the party returned to the castle. But every member of the party fell sick soon. The king thought that one of them must have done something wrong to somebody while near the lake. A curse had fallen on them.





All those who had accompanied the king to the lake-side were asked: "Did you harm any man or any creature, knowingly or by chance?" Nobody could remember having done anything wrong. The princess, however, recollected what she had done to the two bright points on the ant-hill and the cry that followed.

The king marched into the forest himself. On examining the ant-hill carefully, he understood that inside it sat a sage in meditation.

He got the ant-hill demolished, taking all precaution so that the sage was not harmed.

When the sage emerged from the ant-hill, it was found that he had lost his eyes. Needless to say, it was Princess Sukanya who had blinded him without knowing what she was doing.

Chyavan was the name of the sage.

"O great soul, the ignorant action of my daughter has brought down a curse on us. Kindly pardon us." Thus the king pleaded with the sage.

"How can you get rid of the consequence of tormenting an innocent sage, so lightly? I was old. Over and above that I am now rendered blind. How can I live?" asked the sage.

"Do not worry on that account, O sage. A number of servants will attend on you," replied the king.

"The care I need now cannot be expected of servants. Only a devoted wife can give that. I propose that you marry your daughter to me," said the sage.

The unexpected proposal stunned the king. He had no objection to give the princess in marriage to a sage, but how can he do the same when the sage was old and blind too?

The king pleaded for some time to come to a decision. Back in his castle, he told his ministers



ter, "To marry Sukanya off to the old man in the forest is in no way better than throwing her into a cavern and shutting its mouth. At the same time there is no chance of the curse being lifted from us unless we accept the sage's proposal. What is to be done?"

"My lord, whatever might happen to us, the sage's proposal is unacceptable," said the minister.

The princess overheard the discussion. She came out and said, "O father, I entreat you not to be blinded by your love for me. How long can you and the others continue to suffer the curse? Besides, I have no objection to marry the old sage. Although you have brought me up in great love and luxury, I have no attachment to any worldly thing. I shall be happy to live in a forest and serve the sage."

"My daughter, you are unique for your character and nobility. I know that you mean what you say. But how can I, as your father, give you away to an old mendicant? Won't that be sinful of me?" asked the king.

"No, father, you cannot sin by agreeing to my voluntary choice for marriage," replied the princess firmly.



After some more argument the princess succeeded in making the king agree to her point of view. The king met the sage and invited him to his castle. The sage came and the marriage was duly performed.

The king was prepared to make all arrangements for the sage and Sukanya to live comfortably. But the couple expressed their desire to live in the forest without any connection with the world outside it. They politely rejected every offer of help.

While taking leave of her parents, the princess left behind all her ornaments.





Sukanya and Chyavan lived in the forest in a small hut. Sukanya served her husband with great sincerity. She got up before it was dawn and heated water for the old sage to bathe. She then collected flowers for his rites and fruits and roots for his food.

Time passed smoothly. One evening Sukanya was returning to her hut after bathing in a lake. She attracted the attention of Aswini and Revanta, the twin sons of the Sun god. They were charming youths and famous as the physicians of the gods.

Sukanya's beauty surprised them. "You must be a nymph.

What makes you live in this desolate forest?" they asked her.

"I am no nymph, but the daughter of King Saryati and the wife of Sage Chyavan. I am living here with my husband," replied Sukanya.

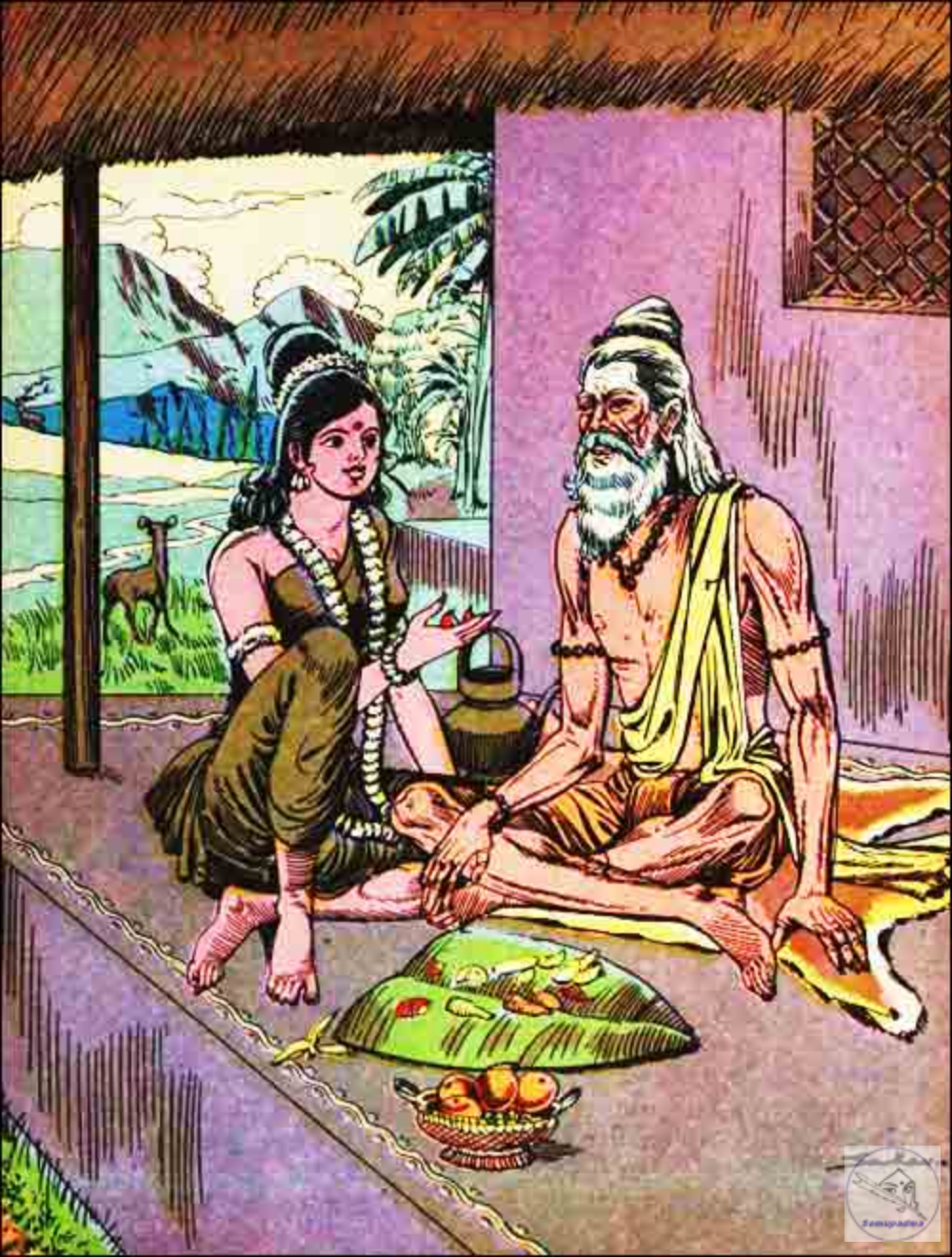
Aswini and Revanta looked at each other. One of them said, "O princess, you are a beauty non-pareil. You might have been obliged to marry the old sage in some unusual circumstance. Such a marriage need not be binding on you. We are Aswini and Revanta. Why not marry one of us?"

"Since you are godly beings, you should be able to know the truth if you try. Nobody compelled me to marry the sage. I married him of my free will. I feel honoured to serve him and help him in his Yoga. What you say is improper. Don't repeat it, unless you have no fear for being cursed," said Sukanya in a stern voice.

"We are sorry," said the two brothers. "As a penalty for our improper conduct, we offer you a boon: we will transform Sage Chyavan into a youthful man. For that to be possible, he should have a dip with us in the lake."









Sukanya asked them to wait and went to her hut and put forth their proposal before Chyavan. He had no objection to having the boon. He went out with Sukanya and met the two brothers.

Aswini and Revanta led him into a lake. Before taking the dip, they told Sukanya, "When we emerge from the water, you take hold of your husband and go home."

They had the dip and they got up. Only then Sukanya understood the significance of what the clever youths had said before the dip. All the three now looked charming—but all exact-

ly the same! It was impossible to know who was who.

Sukanya at once closed her eyes and concentrated on the Divine Mother. "I must not err in knowing my husband, O Mother!" she said. She opened her eyes and knew who among the three was Chyavan. She held him by the hand. The two gods were amazed.

"You have done me a good turn. What can I do for you?" asked Chyavan.

"O great sage, Indra never lets us have a taste of the celestial drink, Soma. Can you kindly get it for us?" asked the two brothers.

"The Soma can be had only during the performance of a Yajna. I shall perform a Yajna for King Saryati. I shall offer you the drink on that occasion," said Chyavan. The two brothers left for their abode happily.

A few days later King Saryati and his queen paid a visit to their daughter. The queen saw Sukanya talking to a young man. She was surprised. Where had the old sage gone? Who was this young man?

Sukanya fell into her mother's arms and narrated all that had happened to them. The joy of the king and the queen knew no





bound.

Soon thereafter the king performed a Yajna under the direction of Sage Chyavan. Duly invoked, the gods came there.

At the time for the distribution of the soma Chyavan gave shares of it to Aswini and Revanta. "Don't do so!" cried out Indra. But Chyavan ignored his warning. Soon a quarrel broke out between the two. The furious Indra applied his thunder to crush the sage. But the sage

rendered the thunder ineffective by his spiritual power.

It was then Chyavan's turn to create a terrible being named Kritya out of the flames of the Yajna.

As Kritya was about to pounce upon Indra, Brihaspati, the guru of the gods, advised Indra to make peace with the sage.

Indra did so and the Sage recalled Kritya.

"Which is the brightest day in the week?"

"Sun-day, naturally!"



I'M SURE WE HAVE TO DO  
SOMETHING BRAVER THAN CATCHING  
BUTTERFLIES IF WE ARE TO GO DOWN  
IN HISTORY AS JHANDOO BAHADUR  
AND KUNDOO BAHADUR!



**CHANDAMAMA  
DICTIONARY OF  
SELECT WORDS  
AND PHRASES**

**BAHADUR** (N & Adj): A  
title of respect, implying  
that the person is heroic.

**BAKER'S DOZEN** (N): A  
set of anything numbering  
twelve is a dozen. But bak-  
er's dozen means thirteen.  
To give someone a baker's  
dozen means to give him a  
sound beating—all he de-  
served and one stroke  
more.

IN LONDON, I CHALLENGED  
THE SHOP-KEEPERS TO TELL  
ME WHY THEY HAVE THE  
PHRASE IF THEY WON'T  
GIVE ME THIRTEEN  
FOR A DOZEN!



THANK GOD,  
THEY DIDN'T  
GIVE HIM A  
BAKER'S  
DOZEN!

WHAT D'YOU SAY?  
MY SPEECH IS BRILLIANT  
BALDERDASH? THANKS!



**BALDERDASH** (N): Non-  
sensical talk, confused  
ideas, ridiculous poetry.







## STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF A KING

This happened long long ago. King Kalketu ruled Kanchanpur, a peaceful and prosperous land. The people lived happily.

The young king faced no problem as his minister was wise and his officers were honest.

Unfortunately, King Kalketu began to think that all went right because he was a great ruler. By and by his mind got clouded by pride and arrogance.

"My lord, wealth or youth or power or fame can all vanish in a moment," his old minister used to say from time to time. He hoped to infuse some humility into the king.

But Kalketu learnt no lesson from his minister's wisdom. He did whatever he liked to do and never he found any impediment on his way. Why should the situation be different in the future? He secretly laughed at the

minister's warning.

The nobles in his court and his officers knew that the young king was very proud of his position, but they thought that a king had the right to be proud, after all!

There was an old temple in the town. Famous scholars and devotional singers came there during an annual festival. They lectured on philosophy and sang the glory of God.

The king, along with the nobles, was listening to a scholar on the first day of the festival. "Nothing is permanent," said the scholar in the course of his talk. "It is a great folly to be proud of any possession!" he said further.

The king smiled. "These are only theories," he thought. "Who is there to take away my kingship or my wealth? Why





should I not feel proud of them?"

As the discourse was going on, he dozed off.

When he woke up, he could not immediately remember where he was. All was dark. Slowly everything came back to his mind. He was inside the temple. Others had left and the door had been locked.

He groped his way to the door and banged against it yelling, "Who dared to lock the door while I was inside? How foolish of all to leave me here alone!"

The two guards outside were surprised to hear the banging and the yelling. They had lock-

ed the door only after everybody had left. Who knew that a mad fellow was lying asleep in some nook?

They opened the door. The king ran out like an arrow. It was night. He reached the palace gate and started shouting, "Where is my old useless minister? Where are my bodyguards? How did they come away leaving me behind?"

There was a commotion. The palace guards came rushing and caught hold of King Kalketu.

"Don't touch me, you fools! Don't you recognise your king?" Kalketu shrieked out as he pushed back the guards. The result was, the guards pounced upon him with greater fury and threw him, his hands bound, in a cell. As he did not stop shrieking he was gagged.

In the morning he was led into the king's court. To his utter amazement he saw someone resembling him seated on the throne.

"Who are you?" asked the stranger on the throne.

The question drove Kalketu almost mad. "How dare you put such a question to me? I am King Kalketu. Whoever you be, you are an usurper!" he said at the pitch of his voice.



The courtiers laughed. "Shut up!" shouted Kalketu. That only made everybody laugh even louder.

"The fellow is either mad or a joker. There is of course another possibility. He could have been drunk. Keep him in jail. We will see more of him afterwards," said the king.

Kalketu was dragged away to prison. From time to time he shouted at the guards and officers. "Drive away that usurper! How don't you understand that I am the king?"

Some giggled at his claim. Some teased him or made faces at him.

One day the stranger on the throne threw a banquet for the neighbouring kings. "I will show a strange fellow to you," said the host. He ordered Kalketu to be brought there.

Kalketu was made to look like a joker. A pet monkey rode on his shoulder.

As soon as he was brought before the royal audience he addressed them one by one and said that he was the real king! They all laughed, but admitted that the joker had been trained well enough to be able to call the different guests by their names! It was a good treat for them.



Time passed. Kalketu, the prisoner, was found to be growing more and more silent. He made no claim about himself any longer.

One day he was led into a private chamber. The stranger on the throne confronted him alone.

"Who are you?" the stranger asked.

Kalketu kept quiet for a minute. Tears rolling down his cheeks, he then said, "I am only a mad man—mad with pride and foolishness. There was a time when I believed that I was a king whose power and position nobody could take away. Little did I know that nothing was impossible! My friendly kings called me a joker the other day!"

The stranger smiled. He patted Kalketu on the back and said, "My friend, you are a good

man. Pride was your only vice. This experience was necessary for you so that you will shed your pride. Come on, you are the king once again."

To his great astonishment Kalketu saw that the joker's dress he had put on vanished and he was dressed like a king.

"Who are you?" he asked the stranger.

"I am a spirit. Call me an angel. But now I must look like the prisoner you were and run away so that the guards think that the mad fellow escaped," said the spirit.

And, looking like a joker, the spirit rushed out. The guards were about to give him a chase, but King Kalketu stopped them.

The king ruled as an humble and wise ruler. He was revered like a sage, but he never let any pride possess him again.







## LET US KNOW

**What is SPCA?**

—Shriman Das, Calcutta.

SPCA is a short form of Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Till the 18th century, some religious sects excepting, the world hardly took any notice of the cruel treatment done to animals. Men like Jeremy Bentham of Britain and Henry Bergh of U.S.A. mobilised public opinion and laws were made for preventing cruelty to animals. In Britain the SPCA was formed in 1824 and in America in 1866.

The Indian SPCA is more than a century old. In 1960 the Indian Parliament passed Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Act which provided for setting up of an Animal Welfare Board. The Board gives the annual *Prani Mitra Award* for outstanding services in the field of animal welfare.

This American cartoon of the last century shows how Mr. Henry Bergh was the butt of popular jokes. When Darwin said that man descended from the ape, the ape felt insulted and complained to Mr. Bergh "Now, Mr. Darwin, how could you insult him so?" Bergh asks Darwin.



## GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

संहतिः श्रेयसी राजन् विगुणेष्वपि बन्धुषु ।

सुबैरपि परिभ्रष्टा न प्ररोहन्ति तण्डुलाः ॥

*Sanhatiḥ śreyasī rājan viguṇeṣvapi bandhuṣu*

*Tujairapi paribhṛastā na prarohanti taṇḍulāḥ*

It is desirable to stick on to one's friends, O king, even when they do not have any special quality. After all the grain needs the husk for its own growth and protection.

*The Hitopadeshah*



# PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Dr. M. Ramaswami



Dr. K. R. Narayana Murthy

Can you formulate a caption in a few words to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for July '82 goes to:  
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Moore Road, Bangalore 560 005.

The Winning Entry:— 'Live on Cord' — 'Still on Card'

## PICKS FROM THE WISE

Even when the experts all agree, they may well be mistaken.

—Bertrand Russell

He who is pleased with nobody is much more unhappy than he with whom nobody is pleased.

—François de La Rochefoucauld

The optimist proclaims that we live in the best of all possible worlds and the pessimist fears this is true.

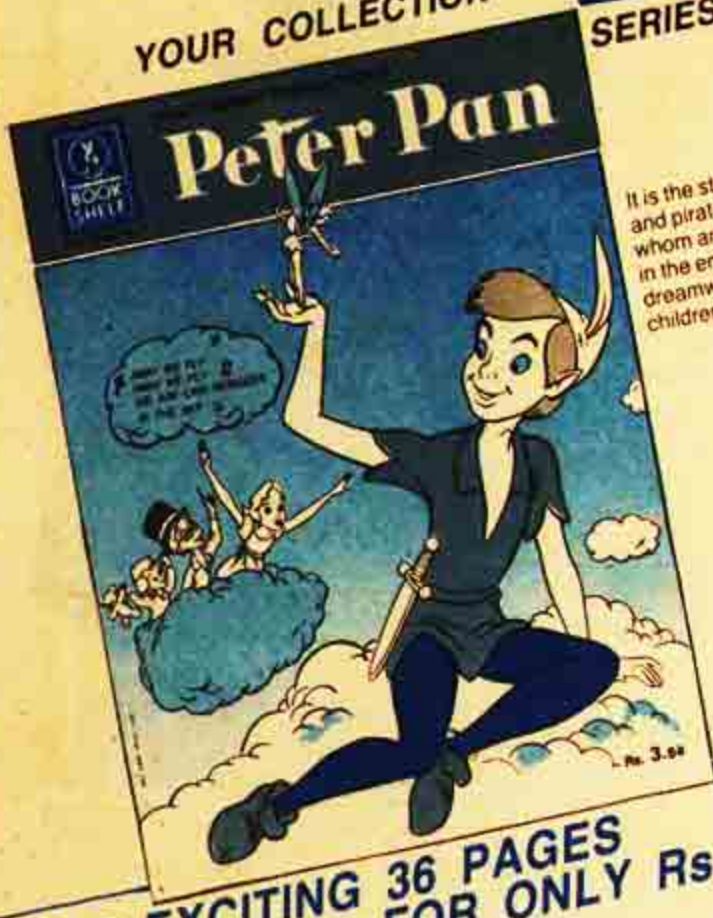
—James Branch Cabell





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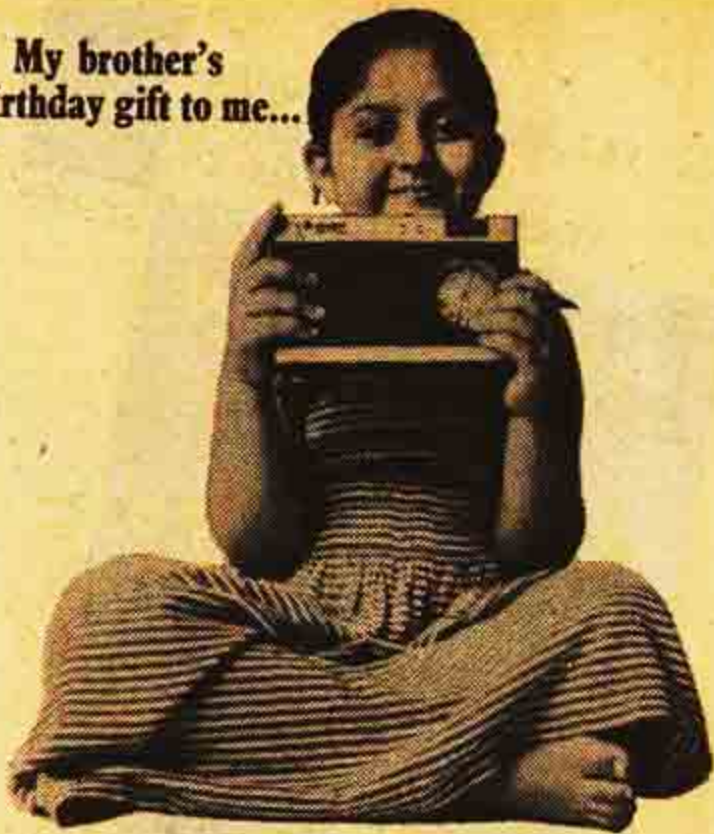
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for fruity flavoured  
fun, okay?

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THE SILVER STRIPES  
BEFORE YOU  
POP 'EM IN.

PARLE  
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Now,  
the imitators can't  
fool you.

